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# THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT  
WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900.

NO. 48.

## THE CITIZEN

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### IDEAS.

Some fellows haven't enough push to master a wheelbarrow.

The secret of success is an ability to mind one's own business.

'Tis better to be washed white than be whitewashed.

A defective stomach keeps more people awake than a guilty conscience.

It's a good thing for a lot of people that they can't see themselves as others see them.

### Commencement Week.

Wednesday, May 30, Memorial Day.

Friday, June 1, Anniversary of Literary Societies.

Saturday, June 2, Academy Exhibition.

Sunday, June 3, Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Hubbard, Auburn, N. Y.

Monday, June 4, Address before Literary Societies.

Tuesday, June 5, Concert by Music Department.

Wednesday, June 6, Commencement Day; Graduating Exercises at 9:00 A. M.; Commencement Address, 1:30 P. M. by Rev. WALLACE NUTTING, D. D., of Providence, Rhode Island.

### Foreign News.

Kansas has sent 10,000 bushels of corn to India.

The bubonic plague is reported to be declining in India.

The Ashantees with 50,000 warriors are trying to throw off the British yoke.

Both houses of the Swedish parliament have voted large sums in self-defense.

The subscription in England for the famine sufferers of India has reached £230,000.

There is fear of a ministerial crisis in Madrid over the agitation about taxation in Spain.

The correspondents in the Transvaal believe that the war is about over, as the Boers seem discouraged at the recent English successes.

### National News.

The Southern Industrial Convention opened at Chattanooga, yesterday.

There is considerable excitement in Cuba, as election draws near, and trouble is feared.

About 3,000 visitors attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Hot Springs, Ark., Sunday.

Populist in convention at Sioux Falls, S. D. May 10, nominated Wm. J. Bryan for the presidency.

Admiral and Mrs. Dewey visited Andrew Jackson's old home, the Hermitage, near Nashville, last Friday.

The May Music festival has been in progress at Louisville this week. The leading singer, Madame Sem Irich, started for Europe immediately after the festival.

Turkey still delays paying the indemnity demanded by the United States. The Turkish minister at Washington says it will be paid, but they want a little time.

Americans in the Philippines are expecting a general uprising of the Filipinos. Senator Bienevarino, however, a member of the Filipino cabinet, says he is going to try to bring about peace.

Over 3,000 men employed on the street cars in St. Louis have been out on a strike this week. The cars that have attempted to make their trips have been prevented by mobs and some have been wrecked by means of dynamite.

### Kentucky News.

The republican state convention will meet at Louisville tomorrow.

A fire at Grange City, Fleming Co., last Friday resulted in losses to the amount of \$11,000.

The eleventh annual Kentucky state convention of Christian Endeavor met at Versailles, May 11 to 14. Three hundred visitors were in attendance.

### Locals and Personals.

I have two or three fresh milk-cows for sale. M. K. Pasco.

John Gay attended liceal court in Richmond last week.

The "C" rhetorical class gave its exercises on the summit of West Pinnacle last Thursday.

Lewis L. Davis, of Elwood, Indiana, is visiting his brother and other relatives in our city.

Prof. and Mrs. M. E. Marsh are the happy parents of a new boy who was born last Sunday, May 13th.

A party of students visited the caves at Owsley Fork last Saturday and enjoyed themselves very much.

Mrs. J. Burdette and daughter Miss Laura, and Mrs. May Hudson were shopping in Richmond Friday.

Mrs. R. P. Rawlings, of Sidell, Clay county, passed through town Monday on the way to her father's home in Garrard county.

W. P. Chapman, while attempting to murder a rat Monday morning, fell and hurt his knee over again. Rats will be safe around "Chap" hereafter.

A lump was accidentally knocked from a press in the printing-office Monday night which caused a big blaze, but quick work prevented any damage.

Mr. R. L. Truett, of Maulden, and Miss Lou Settle, of Berea, were united in marriage last Friday night at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Settle, Rev. Smith officiating.

An unnecessary fire alarm was given Wednesday night of last week, which caused considerable fright and trouble, but all were glad to know that it was only some paper caught fire in a stove in the Baptist church.

Unless a woman eats sufficient nourishing food she can neither gain nor keep a good complexion. Food when digested, is the base of all health, all strength, and all beauty. Herbine will help digest what you eat and give you the clear, bright, beautiful skin of health. Price 50 and 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Examinations for certificates to teach in the county schools will be held, for white teachers, the third Friday and Saturday of May, June, July, and August; for colored teachers, the fourth Friday and Saturday of the same months.

Many a fair young child, whose father has puzzled the mother, until she has suspected rightly her darling was troubled with worms, has regained the rosy line of health with a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge. Price, 25 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Ballard's Snow Liniment cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sick Headache, sore Throat, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises, Old Sores, Corns, and all pain and inflammation. The most penetrating liniment in the world. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Our most prominent and influential business men met at Hanson Hall last Monday night to unite their efforts to push the proposed pile from Berea to Cartersville. Much interest and enthusiasm was shown and our citizens are ready to do their part in this enterprise.

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Miss Madeline Early, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Early, of this city, died last Friday, after a lingering illness. The funeral occurred Saturday when a short service was conducted by Rev. Lodwick at the village cemetery, where the body was laid to rest. The family wishes to thank the neighbors and citizens who rendered such kind assistance during the illness of their daughter and sister.

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment as a curative and healing application for Piles, Discharges, blind and bleeding, external or internal, and itching and Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate and cure infallible. Price, 50 cts. in bottle, tube 75 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

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Messrs. J. C. Teeters and Samuel Hanson were in Richmond last Thursday in the interest of the new Wallaceston Pike.

T. A. Robinson, our optician, has fixed up and furnished in a comfortable manner the small room in the rear of his store room for his business.

The W. T. C. U. Convention, of the Eighth Kentucky District, which was to be held at Livingston May 16th to 18th, has been postponed for a short time. Positive date will be announced later.

### Field Day.

Every fellow in school, physically able, should train for some of the events for Field Day. He should feel it a duty to his college and himself to make this day a success, for on it depends the future athletic welfare of our institution. Some of you think "I can't win because so and so can do better." Don't let that prevent you from trying. Train a little from now until Field Day and you will be surprised at your improved physical condition and ability to compete in the event you decide to enter. Don't be lazy but get out with the other boys at the training quarters and do a little hard work for half an hour each day. The prize committee have secured prizes well worth competing for.

### Beware!

Fill up the measure of your iniquity. The measure is not yet full.

There needs be more murder, more vituperation, more howling political clap trap. The young men and boys of the state need to be more deeply steeped if possible, in the belief that government means a gathering of men at the State Capitol for the purpose of engaging in carousal, debauchery, riot, bloodshed, and everything that can be thought of to inflame evil passion, and to fix in their minds that election, fraud, and crime are synonymous terms, and that he or they, who can do the most of it are entitled to the offices. They must be taught to believe that the decision of the courts and juries are nothing if not favorable to their party.

They are being taught there is no truth, nor honor, nor fairness, except in the party to which they belong. They are taught to believe that force must be employed when the will of the people does not agree with the will of the defeated party.

I say, our boys and youngmen, but how is it with the older boys, the gray-headed voting boys, who have been participating in the election of our state officers? What is the example laid before us by our Solons—our "Hon. So and So" who represents us at the State Capitol in the capacity of "the Legislature?"

The law says, you shall not kill. Do they kill? The law says, you shall not carry concealed deadly weapons. Do they carry them? The law says, you shall not bribe or intimidate voters. Do they bribe or

intimidate, or aid and abet in bribing and intimidation?

If you read the great dailies of the two contending parties and believe what both of them say you believe that almost, to a man, that the leaders on both sides are political thieves, ineffectual to murder, and guilty of every crime known to exist in corrupt political methods. If you believe only your own side you have this opinion of the leaders, at least, on the other side. How far wrong is this judgement if entertained by adherents of either side?

"Politicians" and "Ward heifers," "strickers" and "Bassos" all over the county know what methods each employs in a campaign. Each measures the other by the standard under which he himself has worked and is still working, and I do not wonder—I fearfully exclaim *no wonder!* that there is no confidence in parties and partisan methods. The lack of confidence, if not already universal, is reaching out and permeating the masses in state and nation. We distrust the courts, the juries, the legislative bodies, municipal, state, and national, and this heaven of distrust is instilling itself into every fiber of our social and political fabric.

In view then, of this picture, if not overdrawn, what is the need of the hour? What is the leading and potent cause or causes of our unhappy and deplorable condition as seen from the political stand point?

The writer is no pessimist and confesses that the picture he has attempted to portray from may be overdrawn and too highly colored in some of its details, but he believes that the thoughtful man or woman of mature years will agree with him, that our moral status is deplorable, and if the conservative, peace loving people of Kentucky, and the nation as well, do not unite to put a check to the unlawful and disgraceful corrupting influences so actively employed by our political friends, we may prepare to accept as inevitable a state of anarchy or rule of martial law. It is only the influence of our conservative, self-governing people, belonging to both parties through out the state, that has so far restrained the hot headed partisans who have been in the lead and kept them from engaging in an armed conflict.

The press, the mouth piece of the people, should eliminate from its columns, as its right and its imperative duty, those exaggerated statements sent in by correspondents from all parts of the country. In the white heat of political prejudice and passion to which we have been subjected for so long, such expressions are but little short of crime. There is a limit—We have well nigh reached it!

In closing I appeal to my fellow citizens, Democrats and Republicans, all, be temperate in speech; beware! Berea, Ky., May 10.

### For Sale.

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# THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

BEREA, KENTUCKY

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has just entered on her 56th year. Since she became the possessor of her fortune, in the year of the queen's accession, the baroness has spent in charity, it has been estimated, £1,000,000, out of the £1,800,000 she then inherited.

By last official census in Holland the number of cattle returned was 1,500,000, of pigs 1,200,000, of sheep, 680,000, and of horses 270,000. The shortage of hog products in Holland offers to the United States a profitable market, the stability of which would seem to be not only well established but on a basis of permanence.

It is said the most valuable checker board in existence is that of the late Prince Bismarck, who was a great lover of the game. The squares of the board are made of silver and gold, to represent the usual light and dark colored leather. The draughts are of silver and gold, having a diamond or ruby in the center of each.

As measured by C. T. Martin, the engineer of the Brooklyn bridge, the center is 135 feet above mean high water; as measured by the war department for the passage beneath the structure of the training ship Buffalo this distance is 132 feet. Mr. Martin claims that the bridge has been made to sag three feet by the extra weight of the trolley cars.

The British empire now has a population of 400,000,000, with a capacity of almost unlimited increase in the sparsely settled regions of her colonies in the temperate zone. Add the population of the Yangtze valley of China, now under the British "sphere of influence," and we have an aggregate of near one-half the total population of the globe.

Great Britain is indulging in subdued comment over the fact that no notice has been taken in parliament of the attempted assassination of the prince of Wales in Belgium. In March, 1885, his brother the duke of Edinburgh (now Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg) was wounded by a would-be assassin in Australia and both houses of parliament adopted congratulatory addresses to the crown on his escape.

Bank notes and general lithographing work has reached a high degree of perfection in intricacy of design in late years, and while counterfeiting has not been stopped, the difficulties have been greatly increased. A paper of specially prepared fiber and chemically treated substance has been made on which it is impossible to make any change or pressure without detection. Still, even this fails sometimes.

Maj. Gen. Sir Herbert Charles Cherrinside, who succeeds to Gen. Gurner's command in South Africa, is a distinguished officer. He was born in 1850, educated at Eton and entered the royal engineer corps in 1868, gradually proceeding to the rank of colonel by 1887. In 1877 he was military attaché with the Turks in the Russo-Turkish war and in the following year he assisted in the delimitation of the Turkish frontier.

John D. Rockefeller said in an address before a New York Bible class the other evening: "The pursuit of riches is not a wrong thing. On the contrary, gold is one of the mightiest agents for the doing of good, and though there are bad rich men just as there are bad poor men. I believe that most wealthy persons look upon their money as a sacred trust which they hold for the good of their fellows."

Samuel Stophlet, of Kansas City, is the originator of a novel idea for the raising of the additional money necessary to rebuild the convention hall. He suggests that the iron of the burned building shall be made into medals bearing a picture of the old hall, with the dates of its completion and destruction on one side and the date of the completion, and dedication of the new structure on the reverse side, these medals to be sold at \$1 each for the fund.

Amoy with the linen handkerchiefs, says Dr. Pfeiffer, the discoverer of the influenza bacillus. The handkerchief propagates 50 per cent. of all colds and inflammations of the head, throat and nose, he declares. It often causes erysipelas to spread, and that influenza recurs season after season in epidemic form is directly traceable to the use, or abuse, of the linen handkerchief. The sick person, Dr. Pfeiffer says, carries a veritable arsenal of microbes in his pocket. This microbe needs nourishment, darkness, warmth and dampness.

While the diamond mines at Kimberley have been producing about \$18,000,000 worth of gems a year, the industry in Brazil, formerly the most important diamond-producing country in the world, has fallen to a low ebb. It is now carried on only by individuals or small associations working in a crude manner. The yield was never much over \$1,000,000 in any year, and the product is now worth annually less than \$300,000; and yet the quality of the Brazil stones averages higher than that of the Kimberley output.

## AN ASTONISHMENT.

There's a mighty curious fellow who is livin' out our way. He never seems as anxious as the rest to have his say. He listens to an argument as quiet as a cat. An' never makes an effort to break in an' interfere. An' once upon a time—us folks is talkin' 'bout it yet— We asked him his opinion so's to help decide a bet. It was on a general topic that excited high and low. This fellow thought a minute. Then he said he didn't know. We'd heard a lot of people who had struggled to explain. Each query, it 'ud give you palpitation of the brain. To hear the way they figured. An' their words were of such length. That tryin' to remember them was jes' a waste of strength. But the wisest of them never, with their great display of wit. Within my recollection made the memorable hit. That he scored when, after thinkin' very carefully an' slow. He faced the situation, an' confessed he didn't know. —Washington Star.



## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Armstrong took the massive held out to him and slowly read it, the general studying his face the while. The letter bore no clew to the whereabouts of the writer. It read:

"March 1, '98.  
"It is six weeks since I repaid all your loving kindness, brought shame and sorrow to you and ruin to myself by deserting from West Point when my commission was but a few short months away. In an hour of intense misery, caused by a girl who had won my very soul, and whose words and letters made me believe she would become my wife the month of my graduation, and who, as I now believe, was then engaged to the man she married in January. I threw myself away. My one thought was to find her, and find knows what beyond."

"It can never be undone. My career is ended, and I can never look you in the face again. At first I thought I should show the letters, one by one, to the man she married, and ask him what he thought of his wife, but that is too low. I hold them because I have a mad longing to see her again and hear reproach upon her, but if I fail and should I feel at any time that my end is near, I'm going to send them to you to read to see how I was loved, and then, if you can, to pity and forgive."

"ROLLIN."  
Armstrong's firm lips twitched under his mustache. The general, with moist eyes, had risen from his chair and mechanically held forth his hand. "Poor lad!" sighed Armstrong. "Of course—you know who the girl was?"

"Oh, of course," and Drayton shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we'll have to go," and led on to the misty light without. Over across the way were the headquarters tents of a big parade, hopefully awaiting orders for Manila. To their left, separated by a narrow space, so crowded were the camps, were the quarters of the officers of the—tenth infantry, and even through the veil of mist both soldiers could plainly see along the line. Coming toward the gate was Mr. Prime, escorted by the major. Just behind them followed Mildred and



the attentive Schuyler. But where was Miss Lawrence? Armstrong had already seen. Lingered, she stood at Billy's tent front, her ear inclined to his protruding pate. He was saying something that took time, and she showed no inclination to hurry him. Miss Prime looked back, then she and Schuyler exchanged significant smiles and glances. There was rather a lingering hand-clasp before Amy started. Even then she looked back at the boy and smiled.

"H'm!" said the general, as he gazed, "that youngster wouldn't swap places with any subaltern in camp, even if he is under charge."  
There was no answer from the strong soldier standing observant at his elbow. But when the chief would have moved Armstrong detained him. "One more question, general. In case you were away and wanted something you had left in this tent, you would send an aide—or orderly, or—would an order signed by one of your staff be sufficient?"

"H'm, well—yes, I suppose it would," said the general.

## CHAPTER XII.

Opinion was divided at Camp Merritt as to whether Billy Gray should or should not stand trial. Confident as were his friends of his innocence of all complicity in Morton's escape, there remained the fact that he had telephoned for a carriage, that a carriage had come and that a carriage with four men, apparently soldiers, had driven rapidly

toward along Point Lobos Avenue. It was seen by half a dozen policemen as it shot under the electric light or gas lamp. Then there was the bundle inside his rolled overcoat that Gray had personally handed Morton when a prisoner. Everybody agreed he should have sent it by orderly—everybody, that is, except some scores of young soldiers in the ranks who could see no harm in it having been done that way, especially two "Delta Sigs" in the—tenth. Then there were the long conferences in the dark. What did they mean? All things considered, the older and wiser heads saw that, as the lieutenant could or would make no satisfactory explanation of these to his colonel, he should to a court—or take the consequences.

"You've made a mess of the thing and an ass of yourself, Billy," was Gordon's comprehensive if not consolatory summary of the matter, "and as Canker has been rapped for one thing or another by camp, division and brigade commanders, one after another, he feels that he's got to prove that he isn't the only fool in the business. You'd better employ good counsel and prepare for a fight."

"Can't afford it," said Billy, briefly, "and I'm floundering if I'll ask my dear old dad to come to the rescue. He's had to cough up (shame on your slang, Billy) far too much already. I tell you, Gordon, I'm so fixed that I can't explain these things unless I actually have no secret societies at the Point as we do at college, so you can't fathom it. I'm no more afraid of standing trial than I am of Squeers—and he J—d to him!"

"Good Lawd, youngster—you, you aren't quite such an ass as to suppose a court is going to regard any schoolboy obligation as paramount to that which your oath of office demands. Look hynch, Billy, your head's just added! I can't work on you, but somebody must!"

And Gordon went away very low in his mind. He liked that boy. He loved a keen, alert, snappy soldier on drill, and Billy had no superior in the battalion when it came to handling squad or company. The adjutant plainly saw the peril of his position, and further consultation with his brother officers confirmed him in his fears. Schuyler, the brigade commissary, being much with the—tenth—messing with them, in fact, when he was not darning attendance on Miss Prime—heard all this camp talk and told her. Thus it happened that the very next day when he drove with the cousins (Mr. Prime being the while in conference with the detectives still scouring the city for the young deserter, who the father now felt confident was his missing boy), Miss Lawrence, looked the captain full in the face with her clear, searching eyes and plumped at him the point-blank question:

"Capt. Schuyler, do Mr. Gray's brother officers really consider him in danger of dismissal?"

"Miss Lawrence, I grieve to say that not one has any other opinion now."

There could be no doubt of it. Amy Lawrence turned very pale and her beautiful eyes filled.

"It is a shame!" she said, after a moment's struggle to conquer the trembling of her lips. "Has—has there no one—influential enough—or with brains enough (this with returning color) to take up his case and clear him?"

They were whirling through the beautiful drive of the Golden Gate park, passing company after company at drill. Even as Amy spoke Schuyler lifted his cap and Miss Prime bowed and smiled. A group of regimental officers, four in number, stood, apparently supervising the work, and as Miss Lawrence quickly turned to see who they might be, her eyes met those of Col. Armstrong. Five minutes later the carriage returning drew up, as though by some order from its occupants, at that very spot. Armstrong and his adjutant were still there and promptly joined them.

Long weeks afterward that morning lived in Stanley Armstrong's memory. It was one of those rare August days when the wind blew from the south-east, beat back the drizzling Pacific fogs and let the warm sun pour upon the brilliant verdure of that wonderful park. Earth and air, distant sea and dazzling sky, all seemed glorifying their Creator. Bright-hued birds flashed through the foliage and thrilled the ear with their enrolling. The plash of fountain fell softly on the breeze, mingled with the rustling of the luxuriant growth of leaf and flower close at hand. It was not chance that brought the stalwart soldier instantly to Amy's side. Her gaze was upon him before the carriage stopped, and irresistibly drew him. The man of mature years, the hero of sharp combats and stirring campaigns with a fierce and savage foe, the commander of hundreds of eager and gallant men, obeyed without thought of demerit the unspoken summons of a girl yet in her teens. There was a new light in her clear and beautiful eyes, a flush upon her rosy and rounded cheeks, a little flutter, possibly, in her kind and loyal heart. He knew his heart beat high with an emotion he could not subdue, though his bearing was grave and courteous. As ever, but about that sweet and flushing face there shone the halo of a woman's brave determination, and no sooner had he reached the carriage side than, bending toward him, she spoke. Mildred Prime could not repress a little gasp of amazement.

"Col. Armstrong, will you kindly open the carriage door? I want to talk with you a moment."

Without a word he wrenched the handle and threw wide the door. Light as a bird she sprang to the ground, her fingers just touching the extended hand. Side by side they strolled away across the sunlit lawn, he so strong, virile, erect, she so litesome and graceful. Full of her purpose, yet fearful that with delay might come timidity, she looked up to his face.

"Col. Armstrong, I have heard only to-day that Mr. Gray is in really serious danger. Will you tell me—the truth?" Just what Armstrong expected it might be hard to say. The light that had leaped to his eyes faded slowly and his face lost something of the flush of robust health. There was a brief pause before he spoke as though he wished time to weigh his words.

"I fear it is true," he gravely said. Then in a moment: "Miss Lawrence, will you not take my arm?" And he felt her hand tremble as she placed it there. It was a moment before she began again.

"They tell me he should have counsel, but will not heed. I have not seen him to-day. There is no one in his battalion, it seems, whom he really looks up to. He is headstrong and self-confident. Do you think he should—that he needs one?" And anxiously the brave eyes sought the strong, soldierly face.

"It would seem so, Miss Lawrence."

"She drew a long breath. She seemed to tell a little closer to his arm. Then—straight came the next question:

"Col. Armstrong, will you do me a great favor? Will you be his counsel?"

He was looking directly to the front as she spoke. Something told him what was coming, yet he could not answer all at once. What did it mean, after all, but just what he had been thinking for a week, that the girl's fresh young heart had gone out in this merry, handsome, soldierly lad, whom he, too, had often marked with keen appreciation when in command of his big company at drill. What possible thought of hers could he, "more than twice her years," have ever hoped to win? She had come to him in her sore trouble—and her lover's—as she would have gone to her father had he been a soldier's school in such affairs. Armstrong pulled himself together with quick, stern self-command.

Looking down, he saw that her eyes were filling, her lips paling, and a rush of tenderness overcame him as he simply and gently answered:

"Yes, and there is no time to be lost."

All these last days, it will be remembered, Mrs. Frank Garrison with pretty "Cherry Rip" had found shelter at the Presidio. The palace was no place for a poor soldier's wife, and there was no longer a grateful mob as possible source of income. It is doubtful indeed, whether that wife could be further tapped, for the effusive brother-in-law of the winter gone by had found disillusion in more ways than one. There, busy day and night with his staff duties, had plainly to tell his capricious wife that she had come without his knowledge or consent, and that he could not think of meeting the expense of even a two weeks' stay in town. He could not account for her coming at all. He had left her with his own people where at least she would be in comfort while he took the first steamer. She determined to remain and gayly tapped his check and bade him have no concern. She could readily find quarters, and so she did. The regular garrison of the Presidio was long since abated, but the families of most of its officers still remained there, while the houses of two or three, completely furnished so far as army turnshirts go, were there in charge of the post quartermaster. From being the temporary guests of some old friends, Mrs. Frank and her pretty companion suddenly opened housekeeping in one of these vacated homes, and all her wifery was called into play to make it the most popular resort of the younger element at the post. Money she might lack, but no woman could eclipse her in the dazzle of her dainty toilets. The Presidio was practically at her feet before she had been established in hours. Other peoples' vehicles trundled her over to camp whenever she would drive. Other peoples' horses stood saddled at her door when she would ride. Other peoples' servants flew to her bidding. Women might whisper and trow, but for the present, at least, she had the men at her beck and call. Noon, noon and night she was on the go, the mornings being given over, as a rule, to a gallop over the breezy heights where the brigade or regimental drills were going on, the afternoon to calls, where-in it is ever more blessed to give than to receive—and the evenings to help at the assembly room, or to entertaining—charmingly entertaining the little swarms of officers with occasional glimpses of her own sex, sure to drop in and spend an hour. "Cherry" played and sang and "made eyes" at the boys. Mrs. Frank was winsome and generally joyous to everybody, and when Garrison himself arrived from camp, generally late in the evening, looking worn and jaded from long hours at the desk, she had ever a comforting supper and smiling, playful welcome for her lord, making much of him before the assembled company, to the end that more than one yellow sub was heard to say that there would be some sense in marrying, by George, if a fellow could pick up a wife like Mrs. Frank. All the same the post soon learned that the supposedly blessed aide-de-camp breakfasted alone on what he could gorge for himself before he mounted and rode over to his long day's labor at Camp Merritt. Another thing was speedily apparent, the intense cordiality between her radiant self and the Primes was at an end, if indeed it ever existed. She, to be sure, was sunshine itself when they chanced to meet at camp. The clouds were on the faces of the father and daughter, while Miss Lawrence maintained a serene neutrality.

They were lingering in Frisco, still hopefully, were the Primes. The detectives on duty at the landing stage the evening Stewart's regiment embarked, swore that no one answering the description of either of the two young men had slipped aboard. Those on the employ of the said old man were persistent in the statement that they had clew—were on the scent, etc. He was a sheep with the shoring, and so, while Mr. Deane spent many hours in

consultation with certain of these so-called sleuth-hounds, the young ladies took their daily drive through the park, generally picking up the sniling Schuyler somewhere along the way, and, omitting a call, with creature comforts in the way of baskets of fruit, upon the happy Billy, whose limbs were no longer restricted to his tent, as during the first week of his arrest, but whose court was ordered to sit in judgment on him the first of the coming week. Already it began to be whispered that Armstrong had a mine to spring in behalf of the defense, but he was so reserved that no one, even Gordon, sought to question.

"Armstrong is a tramp!" said Billy to Miss Lawrence, one fair morning. "He'll knock those charges silly—though I dare say I could have worried through all right; only, you see, I couldn't get out to find people to give evidence for me."

"Do you see him often?" she asked, somewhat vaguely.

"Armstrong is a tramp!" said Billy, in open-eyed amazement. "Why, he's here with me every day."

"But never," thought Miss Lawrence, "in the morning when we are."

The eventful Monday was duly ushered in, but not the court. That came

never came to trial. Like the crack of a whip an order snapped in by wire on the Thursday previous, three regiments, the—tenth regulars and the "Primeral Dudes," Armstrong's splendid regiment among them, to prepare for sea voyage forthwith. More than that, too, Drayton and staff were ordered to proceed to Manila at once. Two-thirds of the members of the court were from these regiments. A new detail would be necessary. The general sent for Armstrong.

"Can't we try that case here and now?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Armstrong, "if you'll send for Canker that he may be satisfied."

[To Be Continued.]

Sage of Sawhorse Says.

A man can fight at the drop of the hat, but you can't count on his paying for his wife's in any such spontaneous fashion. The only way to find out what you really amount to is to get the opinion of an intelligent and honest antagonist. A fool's mouth is always open for arguments. People who arrive at the top of Fame's tower in an elevator soon become dizzy and tumble off. Don't flatter yourself to save others the trouble. They won't appreciate it. Some men are only prevented from grumbling all the time by the necessity of sleep. A boy's greatest hero is the man who tells him the biggest lies. The man who laughs at his own jokes should wear a placard citing his excuse for living.—Chicago Democrat.

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High Lights.

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Corn, Oats, Hay, Potatoes,  
Farm and Garden Seeds,  
McCORMICK  
Mowers, Binders and Twine  
Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Rakes,

FRESH MEAL  
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See Us! See Us! See Us! See Us!  
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We will get you anything from Denison's in the shortest possible time. At the Printing-office.

**SEND NO MONEY** WITH YOUR ORDER, as this ad. is sent to you and you can examine it at your nearest freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory, credit is at once made to you. We will deliver to you at \$15.00, and the greatest bargain you can get. **SPECIAL OFFER \$15.50**

**THE BURDICK**  
SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET, plain polished, covered with drop top, in shape to be used as a water table, stand or desk, the other side with full length table and head in place for writing. 4 feet wide, 18 inches deep, 30 inches high. Carved, painted, rubbed and decorated cabinet finish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rest on four casters, adjustable leveling, genuine Smith iron stand. Fixed top high and low, positive four motion foot, and three vibration shuttle, automatic bobbin holder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose and tight, adjustable pressure foot, improved shuttles, carrier, patent needle holder, patent dress guard, and all handwork is decorated and painted and beautifully nickel plated. **GUARANTEED** (the best machine made, most durable and easiest to use). Every machine is guaranteed for one year. Free instruction book tells how anyone can run it and do either plain or fancy work. A 50-Year Binding Guarantee is sent with every machine. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to see and examine this machine, compare it with any other you see, and if you like it, we will send it to you for \$15.00, and then if you find it is not what you want, you may return it for a full refund of the \$15.00. We will deliver to you at \$15.00, and the greatest bargain you can get. **ORDER TODAY.** Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.**

**FREE PARIS EXPOSITION SOUVENIR SPOON. FREE**  
READ THE PARTICULARS.  
Solid Silver, Gold Bowl, Beautifully Engraved

(Actual Size of Spoon, 1 x 4 1/2 inches.)

This Souvenir is the daintiest, handsomest piece of silverware ever made. The engraving is superb and the subject one to arouse in every one an admiration of the artistic design as well as a patriotic pride in the display of the greatest country on earth in the most magnificent Exposition the world shall ever know.

Through an arrangement made when the Paris Exposition was first suggested, we now have ready for distribution the first Franco-American Souvenir Spoons made. These spoons are of beautiful design, silver handle—with gold bowl—on which is engraved the American and French coats of arms. Each Spoon packed in neat jeweler's box.

To every person sending BUT ONE year's subscription to THE HOME COURIER we will send THE PARIS EXPOSITION Souvenir Spoon as a Premium. Send 25 cents for packing and shipping Agents' Outfit, which includes: Sample Spoon, and go to work for us. You can make \$500 a day. Confidential terms to Agents. (Send stamps or silver.) Two cent stamp for sample copy.

HOME COURIER PUBLISHING CO., Dept. A, Glenn Building, Cincinnati O.

## The Counties. Madison County. Peytontown.

There has been a great deal of sickness here for the past week or two.

Mrs. John Harris has been on the sick list for several days, but is now improving.

James Dertherage has just finished planting corn and is now preparing for rain.

There have been two Mormon elders in our midst for several days, but no one seems to give them much encouragement.

Mrs. Mary Shearer, who has been quite ill for some time, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Robert Warner, of Blythwood was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Miller, last Sunday.

## Owsley County. Eversale.

Albert Moore visited friends at Booneville Saturday and Sunday.

Michael Gabbard went to Booneville Friday on business.

Rebecca Gabbard, who has been very ill, we are glad to see out again.

Lucy Reynolds is visiting her sister, Emma Coile, of Indian Creek, who is very ill.

Martha Reynolds entertained a number of her young friends at a wool picking last Thursday.

Belle Gabbard visited her sister, Mrs. Mattie Gabbard, of Indian Creek, last Saturday and Sunday.

Fire caught out last Saturday night where Dudley Reynolds had been burning brush, and it caused considerable damage.

## Clay County. Bright Shade.

Joseph Smith has a new stock of goods on hand.

Perry Braughton, of Buzzard Creek, visited here recently.

Nelson Smith and wife are rejoicing over a new boy.

Sampson Keen died with consumption May 6th.

William Smith, of Kuot county, was here Monday trying to get a school for his daughter.

Robt. Green was here from Flat Lick Saturday and Sunday of last week.

John Smallwood, who is teaching Sunday School at Mud Creek, says the school is growing in interest.

## Jackson County. Clover Bottom.

James Click's baby is ill.

Isaac Dean has Lagrippe.

D. M. Click went to Drip Rock Saturday.

C. M. Ramsey of Berea passed through here this week.

Thomas Click sold a fine sorrel mare to Peter Powell.

Frank Hatfield killed a dog supposed to have gone mad.

Thomas Hays, of Winchester, is with relatives here.

Mr. Harmon Hatfield and family will visit relatives here Saturday.

J. D. Hatfield went to Berea last Saturday to see his children.

Several of the boys are attending court at McKee this week.

Hon. Wm. B. Smith, prominent lawyer of Richmond, went to McKee Wednesday.

Evie Click will return from school Tuesday to attend examinations Friday and Saturday at McKee.

We have not yet learned the name of the new doctor who is to locate here soon.

Rev. J. G. Parsons, pastor of Kirby Knob church, will deliver sermons there Saturday and Sunday.

Allen Powell, of Alcorn, is seeking a place of residence near Mount Vernon. He expects to sell goods there.

**Kodol**  
Dyspepsia Cure  
Digests what you eat.

Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the fastest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

### THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUGH, teacher in Berea College.

#### The Vassar Graduate's Loaf.

A Vassar graduate was presented to Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe at the Twin Mountain House some years ago. "And what do you propose to do with yourself now?" demanded Mrs. Stowe. "I shall probably spend next winter in learning how to make bread," answered the girl graduate, who, fortunately, determined to supplement the education she had received at Vassar by learning how to cook. "Good," said the author of "Uncle Tom." "Send me a loaf when you have made one, she added. The graduate promised, and several days later, as she was leaving the hotel, Mrs. Stowe's farewell was: "Now don't forget my loaf of bread." The graduate relates, in the New York Tribune, how she kept her promise and the result.

Mrs. Stowe never knew what a desperate struggle I had to keep my promise and yet preserve my college reputation for brains. Despite a course of chemistry and my B. A., the practical problem of bread-making developed side issues of mad giant unexpectedness, until I was fain to confess myself of an humble childlike spirit, give up theory, and go and sit at the feet of our unlettered Irish cook.

When I felt passively satisfied, I sent off by express to Hartford a loaf of what, in the light of later achievements, I now consider very ordinary bread, but of which as a triumph of mind over matter I then felt justly proud.

How Mrs. Stowe regarded it is shown by the letter I received from her:

HARTFORD, Sept. 15, 18—

My Dear Brave Little Girl: Brave and courageous you are to take the practical problem of bread by the horns, making yeast, bread and all. Well, your loaf was served at the supper table, and we all had a slice and pronounced it excellent.

Let me whisper in your ear, little girl, that if that bread had stood five minutes longer, it would have passed over the invisible air-line from perfection to sourness. That is just like all human virtues. There is a line that if passed it spoils.

Just enough firmness, for instance, is Christian virtue; just a little more is obstinacy. Just enough obligingness is a commendable grace; just a little more is unprincipled subservience. There is even, as we are told a kind of nigger in which there is no sin. But who should get it just right? How soon it turns over! Let me hope for you that your bread and all your virtues may hit the exact line. But who should dare ask that of any one?

Your affectionate friend,

H. B. Stowe.

For Whooping cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Consumption, no medicine equals Consumen's Honey of Tar. Price, 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

### THE SCHOOL.

A Story.  
Written in five chapters by five different members of the Berea Literary Society.

#### CHAPTER II.

On entering the room Miss Hazelton saw instantly that it was as Lucy had said. Mrs. Edworth sat at her writing desk with a sheet of paper before her and in her hand the letter from William.

"Lucy says you wish to see me," she said hesitatingly. She knew that it was not an easy matter for a woman of so sensitive and retiring a nature as Mrs. Edworth's to speak to anyone of her own personal troubles. "Yes," was the reply. "You know," she said "that our son William is away at college. You have noticed, and doubtless, thought it strange that we never speak of him, but it is Mr. Edworth's request that we do not mention the boy." And then the mother told how William had been the pride of his father's heart. It seemed that the ambitions hopes that he had once cherished for himself had been of late years for his only son.

The boyhood of the lad was promising. He was a dutiful son and a good student, in fact he always ranked at the head of his classes, but three years previous to this time William had formed a intimacy with a young man to whose influence all attributed the great change in the boy. One misdeed after another came to the ears of the father. Mr. Edworth himself was a man of noble character but of a disposition not at all fitted to deal with the shortcomings of this wayward son.

Intending to improve his son quietly for letting Jack Reynolds lead him into so many wrong doings, the interview had ended in angry words and the father finally told the son that he must leave home and work his way for himself. William went immediately to his mother, but though she interceded for him, the father remained firm in his decision.

Then it was that Mrs. Edworth had insisted that her son get to college, that she should furnish a part of the necessary means, and he left home confident that he would soon regain his father's confidence and strong in his mother's faith in him.

At college all went well for some months, but William was fond of what he termed "a good time," and had thoughtlessly joined with a number of his friends in hazing one of the new students. William himself was a new student and it must be said in his vindication that he did not know that the severest disapproval rested upon hazing and that expulsion from school awaited the offender.

I have told you all this Miss Hazelton because you seem a young woman of good judgment, and although I have thought of a number of plans for William I cannot think that any one of them is entirely satisfactory. Of one thing only I am certain, he cannot come home now. I wish very much that he might be with kind people somewhere who felt interested in his welfare, for he will be very discouraged, and I am afraid reckless just now."

Both women were silent for some time when Julia Hazelton looked up with almost a smile on her face and said cheerily, "Mrs. Edworth I believe I have a plan. You know they call me the general at home and say that I plan the yearly campaigns, and I do hope that this idea of mine will help us out of the difficulty."

(Continued next week.)

### THE FARM.

A Class Essay at Berea College by EDWARD P. DUNCAN.

#### Care of the Cow.

Too much attention cannot be given to the care of the cow. She should be placed in a box stall by herself a week before calving, while prior to this time she should have exercise but not excitement. Watch for the event but do not disturb or interfere unless something goes wrong and assistance is necessary. After calving give a bucket of cool water into which have been stirred one quart of bran and one-half pound linseed meal. Should the udder be hard and knotty give a warm bran mash and Epsom salts. Remove all milk from the udder, and oil the udder. See that the bowels are moving freely. See if the appetite is improving. Keep a close watch of the cow's eyes, as there is no better indication of her condition.

Two great scourges of the dairy are, abortion and milk-fever. Should a cow die from abortion a thorough disinfection and cleaning should be taken place before another cow takes the place of the infected animal. Milk fever is sudden in attack, rapid in progress, generally fatal and attacks the heaviest and richest milkers. The symptoms are a twitching of the muscles of the head, failure to eat and chew cud, failure to pass manure, distended udder without milk and insensibility of hind quarters. Keep a watch for forty-eight hours after calving for such symptoms, and if they appear call a veterinarian. However, in both abortion and milk fever it is much better to pay more attention to prevention than cure.

#### The Cow Stall.

The stall for the cow should be light, dry, roomy, warm, and well-ventilated. The stall should contain a stall for the cow, storage room, and bin for bedding, and attached to the stall should be a manure shed—it is not best to have a manure cellar under a cow stall. The stall should be on a ground level and not in basement. It should have a high ceiling, and it is all the better if it extends to the roof, thus dispensing with a loft over the cow stall for storage purposes. About eight hundred cubic feet of air should be allowed for the cow. A box stall is quite desirable, that the cow may be left untied, and if a liberal supply of bedding is given she keeps clean and healthy. A box stall gives comfort and protection to a cow, but one cannot always be had, and one has to resort to tying up. This method is the one generally used where large numbers of cows are kept, and they are usually given a three and one-half foot stall, but where there is but a single cow four or four and one-half feet are better. There should be a manure gutter behind the cow. It should not be deep, but should be from one and one-half to two feet wide. The length from tie to the gutter should be governed by the length of the cow. If the distance from the tie to the gutter is too great the cows udder and body will become soiled and dirty, if too short the cow will stand with hind feet in the gutter. The floor of the cow stall should slope gently to the rear—two or two and one-half inches is sufficient. Should an artificial floor be made of gravel and cement, or of brick, it is well to cover it with a plank floor as the cement and brick are cold and damp and conducive to disease. In front should be a level feeding floor any part of which the cow can easily reach.

(Continued next week.)

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